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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.



ARCH is a significant word, in more ways than one. To one it means a rude, blustering month—

"With wind, and cloud, and changing skies,"

bringing chills with its breath and rheumatism with its damps:—to others the word means "move on!" and is the watchword, therefore, of our people engaged in the Waterloo strife for precedence. With this interpretation comes the poet's fearful imagery, which we have hitherto quoted:

"March—march—march—
Making noise as they tread.
Ho! ho! how they laugh,
Going down to the dead!"

Thus end all the marches of life, in the bivouac of the grave, but the order for "March!" is none the less commandingly given.

But March, the month, is the first-born of Spring—its winds and waters have in them the life of a whole summer of sweets—

"And in thy reign of storm and blast
Smiles many a long, bright, summer day."

and typifying the awakening of Endymion, it tells of too many glad surprises in store to be the melancholy month which the fact and fancy of poets are wont to name it.

To us it is the opening of the New Year. We look forward from it as from an eminence, and see passing before us the months of the year—April, the young maiden of capricious moods, yet beautiful in her smiles and tears—May, the rose of "sweet sixteen," crowned with garlands and worshiped by adoring crowds of youth and beauty—June, the full-robed and matured woman, settled in her moods, reposing in her dignity—July, August, and all the other months, each typical of the phases of life-experience which we are sure to know. It is a prospect to inspire, not to intimidate, and we should enjoy it as if gazing upon one of the landscapes of the poet-hand of Cole.

Let our readers enter into the Spring with the hope and buoyancy of the vine which, now feels the new life thrilling through its veins, and the "stormy March" will have for them winds and waves whose pastoral measures shall send their glad echo through all the months.

—Art criticism has its humorous side as well as all other phases of the Zoilus profession. From Rhode Island one of our Secretaries writes:—"Here are some very severe critics. First, in the engraving of the 'Village Blacksmith' they say the forge is on the wrong side of the anvil, making a left hand forge of it. Next, the shoe on the horse's foot is represented to be thinnest on the inside, whereas a horse most always wears hard on the outside of the shoe." And, to confirm the impression of the art-taste existent in that Rhode Island community, the Secretary adds:—"I sold the engraving to a young man to paint. He said he could get one *already lithographed for seventy-five cents*, and as I had no further use for it, I let him have it at that price!" That community must enjoy the "old Dutch masterpiece" in the shape of last year's Dutch Almanacs. We will try and send down some "colored engravings" next year, for their special benefit. Mr. Herring may "go and hang," now.

—This appreciative comment on art recalls what we once heard told of a "fashionable lady" who, with her boy, was examining the fine painting—"Luther at the Diet of Worms." Her son had no idea that the German word "Diet" meant session, and having descanted at some length upon the merits of the picture, remarked: "Mother, I see Luther at the table, but *where are the worms?*" The mother, as ignorant as her son, replied: "Why, my dear, I guess that the servants had not quite set the table." All of which is just about as intelligent as half the "criticism" which we are daily compelled to hear made upon art works of surpassing merit. The Dusseldorf pictures, notwithstanding their vast cost and supreme excellence, receive some notices from visitors which, literally, would "make a bench laugh." The severity of the strictures is, generally, in proportion to the ignorance of the "critic."

—The *Hampden Sydney Magazine* sends us this good thing:—A very disagreeable series of musical notes falling very harshly on the ear of our worthy President, some nights ago, he left his study to investigate the source and occasion. Directing his course across the campus toward the belfry, he found the music was made by a *waggish Junior*—his instrument being the bell clapper, on which he was operating with a monstrous file.

When the President came up, the following interesting dialogue ensued:

President—"Good evening, Mr. C., what are you doing up there?"

Waggish Junior—"I am merely studying *Belles Lettres*, Dr."

Pres.—"And what do you learn of the study, sir?"

Wag. Jun.—"Oh! Dr., I learn that '*Cæsar facit hoc bellum e Germanico Sylvo.*'"

Pres.—(With a mixture of wrath and amusement). "Suppose you leave it off until next year, or pack your trunk for home."

The Junior, rather *curtailed*, dropped his file and went to bed to dream of his home and father.

—And this other came from the same source:—While Mr. M— was principal of the Male Academy at Chatham, Va., he put a sprightly and very intelligent boy to studying Trigonometry, and being somewhat pleased with the study, he wrote to a friend that he never had seen a book that had so much *sin* and *cussin* (sine and cosine) in it.

—O. G. S. of Madison, Wis., sends us this "jockey" paragraph:—A good thing is told of a western itinerant, which would not illy grace the Journal's "Etchings." 'Tis an actual occurrence, and forcibly illustrates the "frailty of the human heart." An itinerant in the small settlement of La Crosse—where now stands a large and flourishing city—was preaching "the word" to a few of the hardy settlers of our state, who had flocked together from many miles around for the purpose of attending meeting—a rare privilege in those days. The preacher was not particularly noted for his piety and devotion, but was more generally known as an excellent jockey, and one who had a better and a quicker eye to discover the good points of a horse, than any other man in the vicinity. He was expatiating in glowing rhetoric upon the beauties of that "better place," when there appeared in the outskirts of the woods a "delinquent" member plodding along on horseback. The quick eye of the preacher caught him—or rather the horse he was riding, and, dropping suddenly from the imagery he was depicting to his audience, to the realities of life, he exclaimed; "There comes a perfect match for my gray Nancy. Meeting's dismissed;" and meeting was dismissed,

and for a consideration the "gray" was passed over to this fluctuating Peter, on the spot.

— Of Album literature, a correspondent writes as follows: "In the academy located in M— Village, at one time, some years ago, Albums became very popular among the fair ones. Among the gentlemen, was a good-natured, careless, heedless sort of a fellow by the name of Jim F—, who, whatever other qualifications he might have lacked, had a large share of self-esteem. Miss Lucy had one of the nicest albums in school, whose well-filled pages, both original and selected, showed that nearly all the gentlemen had faithfully done duty in devotion to the owner. At last it was sent to Jim "with Miss Lucy's compliments, hoping he would favor her with something from his pen."

"Anything original was, of course, beyond expectation; so he sat down to search the fields of poesy for something appropriate. At last he found it, as the following lines, copied from the good old 'English Reader,' attest:

"How loved, how valued, once avails thee not,
To whom related or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art—and all the proud shall be."

"It is needless to add that albums were at a discount in that school ever after."

— "A Friend" must be held responsible for this: "In your last Journal were 'some sayings by the young,' to which you may add, if you please, the following: A young one of some five years was curious to visit a certain candy depot, but his mother, in order to prevent it, urged the ugliness of a large hole in the seat of his pants. But in an instant came the reply—'But, Ma, I'll run down backward, then nobody can see!' The mother concluded that the boy was equal to any emergency."

— The following is a "*verbatim et spellatim*" acknowledgment, signed by a Justice of the Peace we wot of, in the State of New-York: "Personly came before me the within person George N— and Almira N— his wife knoon to me to be the person hoo Exacuted the within mortgig and exnoleged the exacution of the same and the said being by me examine apert from hur husband exknnowledge that shee ecknowledge the saim freley and without any compushun on the husband. J. P."

— The story in the last September *Art Journal*—"From Arcadia to Aver-nus"—attracted no small degree of attention. Among the numerous tributes paid to it, is the following charming poem from the pen of a well-known hand. We give place to it with pleasure.

MORNA.

NAY, doubt it not! Thy Morna lives for thee!
For thee still blooms celestial Arcady!
That savage arrow was in wisdom sent,—
In love and mercy this thy banishment.

God's way, full oft, is not our chosen path;
He smiles benignant when man deems him in
wrath;
Sad exiles are we here, behind the cloud;
But morning breaks, and where is now the shroud?

Dust, dust, the shroud,—and dust the bridal veil;
Dust, too, the roses,—were they flushed or pale;
Dust e'en the speaking eye, the listening ear,
But, spirit waits them not,—their home was here.

Here is not thine,—else Morna here were thine!
Thou, withered half, had not been left to pine;
She, culled in freshness, had not stolen before,
To wait and beckon at the opening door.

Then never doubt, thy Morna lives for thee!
Lives, free from taint, in Heavenly Arcady:
One soul-mate have we, each,—one, one alone,
Who thus can faithful watch at God's own throne.
MILNEY, November 3, 1858.

This came too late for insertion in the December number. It will be welcomed now by those who have been permitted to become acquainted with the character of "Morna."

— An Hon. Secretary in M—, Georgia, writes, in reply to the request of the Directory, to make personal solicitation among his friends and neighbors for subscriptions: "It is, I think, degrading our efforts to the level of the Tract Society. Art, in Greece, was not so much spontaneous as a matter sustained by public plunder. [See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.] In America it must depend on fashion for friends. The clergy could soon make it popular, fashionable and impulsive." Very good preach, as the Indian said. Suppose the *Cosmopolitan* was to wait for the clergy:—when would its good work ever gain headway? Or, suppose it should advise all of its agents that it was "degrading" Art to canvass for subscribers—how many members would it have at the end of one year's operations? Not a corporal's guard! *Personal* solicitation in the cause of Art is

just as honorable as solicitation by prospectus—if one is dishonorable then is the other. It follows, therefore, that any kind of canvassing is to be forbidden. This might do for Utopia, but certainly not for America or Europe. Work, talk, print, show the proofs, is the way to spread light and knowledge; by such means must the "*Cosmopolitan*" succeed. It is gratifying to know that our friend in Georgia is almost alone in his *exclusive* notions of the proprieties in Art: as a general thing the agents of the Association are zealous *workers*, canvassing where it can do good, talking to any person who would be enlightened; taking a personal interest in its success. With the aid of such agents, the institution is bound to flourish, and spread its influence over all the land.

— A subscriber to the Association complains, that the admission given to the Dusseldorf Gallery cannot be made available to country subscribers, and calls the gratuity thus offered an *injustice* to the vast majority of members! Suppose the Homestead bill should become a law:—upon the principle implied in the above complaint, it would be an unjust law for every one who had no home to exempt! Or, apply it to the bounty land act relating to Oregon:—because everybody cannot go to Oregon, and thus become the owner of a section of land, the privilege extended to those who do go is unjust! The *Cosmopolitan* Association opens the doors of the great Dusseldorf Gallery to every member for a term of a regular (fifty cent) season, and because *all* cannot enjoy the entire gratuity, it is therefore not equitable! What a dog-in-the-manger spirit is this. Of course a subscriber who has never used his privilege, even though his certificate is several months old, is admitted with pleasure—always glad to see him or her come just when they can; but the demand made to give, in addition to a large and costly engraving, a superb quarterly journal, a share in the premium awards, the privilege of a *year's* entrance to the Gallery—all for *three dollars*, is very much like buying goods of a merchant, at cost, and then asking him to "throw in" the full price or the goods as a gratuity. Come along, country friends, with your certificates that have not been used, but pray don't ask to have the privilege of *six* season tickets granted to all who get their three dollars' worth in another way.